

ALL NEW  
DELL  
10¢  
MARCH

# Roy Rogers

COMICS





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 is intended or should be inferred.

# ROY ROGERS

in  
DEATH WARRANT  
FOR FIVE



CROSSING A REMOTE  
CORNER OF MONTANA,  
ROY ROGERS HEARS A HAIL.

WONDERFUL / BUT A HORSE  
AS FINE AS HE WOULD  
HAVE NICE MANNERS...

I HAD TO GET A CLOSER  
LOOK AT YOUR PALOMINO  
HORSE, STRANGER—I  
NEVER KNEW ANYTHING  
COULD BE SO BEAUTIFUL.

NOW, THAT'S  
A COMPLIMENT /  
BOW TO THE  
LADY, TRIGGER.



MEET ANDY JOHNSON—  
AND MY NAME IS  
NANCY KIRKLAND...  
OUR RANCHES ARE  
CLOSE BY.

GLAD TO  
KNOW YOU,  
ANDY—I'M  
ROY ROGERS.



WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE OB  
RANCH HOUSE--YOU KNOW UNCLE  
ORIN BLAISE, BY CHANCE?

NO--I'M  
JUST RIDING  
THROUGH--



LOOK  
OUT--!



BUT ROY AND TRIGGER  
REACH HER BEFORE  
SHE CAN FALL.



THERE'S NO  
TIME FOR NANCY  
TO TURN ASIDE.







THOSE CALVES ARE BRANDED  
WITH KIRKLAND AND JOHNSON  
BRANDS— MY DAD'S AND AUNT'S  
AND WE'RE NOT RUSTLERS!

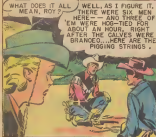


LET'S STUDY OUT THE SIGN...  
THERE'S A LOT OF TRACKS  
AROUND HERE.



WHAT DOES IT ALL  
MEAN, ROY?

WELL, AS I FIGURE IT,  
THERE WERE SIX MEN  
HERE— AND THREE OF  
'EM WERE HOG-TIED FOR  
ABOUT AN HOUR, RIGHT  
AFTER THE CALVES WERE  
BRANDED... HERE ARE THE  
FLOGGING STRINGS.



THREE OF  
'EM HOG-TIED  
THAT WOULD  
BE THE  
ROULETTES,  
I'D SAY.

AND THE THREE  
MEN WHO TIED 'EM  
WOULD BE UNCLE  
GRIN AND YOUR  
DAD AND MINE.  
THEY'RE RIDING  
TOGETHER, TODAY.



YEAH—BUT WHY  
WOULD THE  
ROULETTES PUT  
ANY BRAND BUT  
THEIR OWN ON  
THOSE CALVES?

TO MAKE IT LOOK  
AS IF OUR DADS  
WERE STEALING.  
TOO STUPID! DON'T  
YOU SEE—THERE'S  
NOTHING TOO LOW-  
DOWN FOR A  
ROULETTE TO TRY?



NANCY'S IDEA MAKES SENSE... BUT  
WHO ARE THESE ROULETTES, ANYHOW?  
AND WHY WOULD YOUR FOLKS TAKE  
THEM TO THE LOCK-UP?



THAT'S A LONG STORY--IT  
GOES BACK TO THE YUKON GOLD  
RUSH, A WHOLE GENERATION  
AGO...



"UNCLE ORIN BLAISE, UNCLE JOHNNY JOHNSON,  
MY DAD, AND BATISTE ROULETTE ALL HAD MINING  
CLAIMS ON THE SAME STREAM, AND SHARED THE  
SAME LOG CABIN.



"ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY  
STRUCK RICH 'RAY DIRT' AND  
MADE SMALL FORTUNES.



"UNCLE ORIN BROUGHT HIS GOLD  
HOME AND PUT IT INTO CATTLE  
AND LAND.





"BUT ORIN BLAISE DIDN'T FORGET HIS OLD PARTNERS... HE SENT FOR ALL THREE OF THEM...



AND SET THEM UP IN THE CATTLE BUSINESS, ON THREE SMALL RANCHES NEAR HIS OWN.



"UNCLE ORIN KEPT TITLE TO ALL THE LAND AND BUILDINGS. BUT HE MADE A WILL LEAVING EVERYTHING HE OWNED TO HIS CHILDREN AND HIS PARTNERS' CHILDREN, EQUALLY SHARING.



UNCLE ORIN NEVER MARRIED, SO HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN... UNCLE JOHNNY AND DAD HAD ONE CHILD A PIECE—ANDY AND ME. BUT BATISTE ROULETTE HAS TEN—ALL BOYS—AND HALFBREDS!



THAT WAS FRANK AND EMIL WITH HIM TODAY—THE TWO ELDEST, AND MEANEST.

UHHH! I SEE! ORIN BLAISE WOULDN'T JAIL HIS OLD PARTNER, BUT HE GAVE HIM A SCARE—AND MADE HIM KILLING MAD.



OH, LET'S FORGET ABOUT IT! THIS IS UNCLE ORIN'S BIRTHDAY, AND WE'RE GIVING HIM A SURPRISE PARTY AT THE OB... COME ON!





THEN--THE HORRID THUD OF BULLETS  
INTO LIVING FLESH--THE CRAACK--  
CRAACK--CRAACK--OF A DISTANT RIFLE!



BURN, BURN MY OLD WILL  
WROTE NEW  
ONE... TODAY...  
BATISTE...

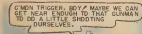
YES!  
WHAT ABOUT  
BATISTE, MR.  
BLAZE? I'M  
LISTENING.

HE'S GONE, TOO... ALL HE  
SAID WAS, "BURN MY OLD  
WILL WROTE A NEW ONE  
TODAY... BATISTE..."



THERE! UP ON THAT  
BUTTE-- LIKE SUN-  
LIGHT ON A TELESCOPE!





AN INJUN COULDN'T  
TRAIL A MAN OVER  
THESE ROCKS.

ESPECIALLY WHEN HE WAS  
WALKING WITH HIS BOOTS OFF—  
I FOUND JUST ONE PRINT IN  
THE DUST... A SOCK  
FOOT.

I'D SWEAR IT WAS THE  
ROULETTE—BUT THEY LIVE  
THE OTHER WAY—TOWARDS  
TOWN. THEY'D HAVE NEEDED  
WINGS TO GO HOME, GET A  
RIFLE, AND COME BACK  
HERE IN TIME TO DO  
THAT SHOOTING.



NONE OF  
YOU FOLKS  
HAD ANY  
OTHER  
ENEMIES?

NOT ONE, LIVING OR  
DEAD. THOSE  
THREE OLD GENTS  
WERE TOO GOOD—  
NATURED FOR THEIR  
OWN PROFIT.

AND BY THE  
TERMS OF CRIN  
BLAISE'S OLD WILL,  
THE ROULETTES  
WOULD BENEFIT  
MOST.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT  
NEW WILL, ROY—BUT IT  
STILL DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE TO ME.



I'LL RIDE TO  
TOWN WITH YOU  
TO NOTIFY THE  
CORONER AND THE  
SHERIFF...WE CAN  
ASK THEIR LAWYER  
THEN ABOUT  
THE WILL.

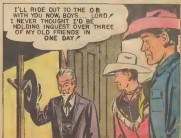
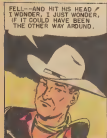
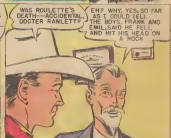
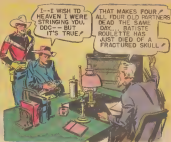
THAT'LL BE DOC  
RANLETT... HE'S THE  
SABWONE'S AND  
CORONER, JUSTICE  
OF THE PEACE  
AND LAWYER—  
ALL IN ONE.

WE'LL CARRY THEM INDOORS  
NOW—WITHOUT WAITING TO BRING  
DOC RANLETT, ANDY.

YEAH.  
TOWN IS TEN  
MILES AWAY.









TWO DAYS LATER MOST OF THE COUNTY TURNS OUT TO THE FUNERAL OF ORIN BLASE AND HIS TWO OLD FRIENDS.



AN HOUR LATER, ROY WATCHES THE ROULETTES AND A FEW NEIGHBORS LAY OLD BATISTE TO REST.



HELLO, ANDY / I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE HOME.

I'VE BEEN TALKING WITH THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR, NORM WHITEFIELD. HE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, TOO, ROY.



GLAD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR WHITEFIELD.

IT'S MUTUAL, ROGERS. YOU'VE PROVED A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND TO ANDY JOHNSON AND NANCY KIRKLAND--IN THE FEW HOURS YOU'VE KNOWN THEM



THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE SHOOTING -- YOU'VE HAD THE WHOLE STORY FROM ANDY

YES--BUT I'D LIKE TO RIDE UP THERE WITH YOU--TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU FOUND THE RIFLE SHELLS. SHERIFF'LL COME, TOO.



PERHAPS WE'LL STRIKE A CLUE THIS TRIP THAT ANDY AND I MISSED.

HERE'S HOPING /





RIGHT HERE  
IS WHERE THE  
DRYBULCHER  
LAY... I SAW THE  
GUN GLINT ON  
HIS GUN BARREL  
OR A TELESCOPIC  
SIGHT.

AND IF ROGERS  
HADN'T KNOCKED NANCY  
AND ME ASIDE WE'D  
BE DEAD, TOO!

SPREAD OUT, GENTS! THE FOUR OF  
US CAN HUNT SIGN OVER QUITE  
A TERRITORY.



I'LL CLIMB  
STRAIGHT UP--  
THAT'S ONE  
PLACE I DIDN'T  
LOOK BEFORE.



HMPH!  
THIS LOOKS  
INTERESTING...



A MAN COULD  
SQUEEZE IN THERE  
--OR HIDE A GUN...



A DEEP CRACK--  
GOING DOWN TO A  
CAVE, MAYBE!



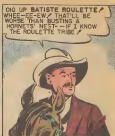






NOW—  
WHAT'S YOUR  
PLAN, ROGERS?

FIRST—GET A CORONER'S  
ORDER TO DIG UP  
BATISTE ROULETTE'S CORPSE  
THEN WE'LL SEE  
WHAT HAPPENS.



DIG UP BATISTE ROULETTE  
WHEE-EE-EW! THAT'LL BE  
WORSE THAN BUSTING A  
HORNET'S NEST—IF I KNOW  
THE ROULETTE TRIBE!



JUST WHAT DO  
YOU EXPECT WE'LL  
FIND, ROGERS, IF  
WE EXHUME  
BATISTE ROULETTE'S  
BODY?

EVIDENCE THAT HE  
WAS MURDERED, FOR  
ONE THING, AND MAYBE  
THE ANSWER TO THE  
OTHER THREE KILLINGS  
WILL BE THERE,  
TOO.



THANKS, DOC! IT WOULDN'T  
BE LEGAL TO DIG UP  
ROULETTE'S BODY WITHOUT  
YOUR ORDER...



CAN YOU FIND US  
A COUPLE OF MEN  
TO DO THE DIGGING,  
SHERIFF PINSON?

SURE—AFTER  
SUPPER, IT'LL  
BE OAK IN  
HALF AN HOUR.



"AFTER SUPPER," HUMB THAT'LL  
GIVE ME TIME, BLAST THEIR HIDES...  
IF THEY DIG UP PA, SOMEBODY  
WILL SURE PLANT  
THEM!

TWO MINUTES LATER, FRANK ROULETTE'S HORSE LEAPS AWAY UNDER THE BITE OF HEAVY SPURS---  
HEADED FOR HOME /



AND AS DARKNESS DEEPENS OVER BITTER FLATS, A GRIM LITTLE PARTY ENTERS THE GRAVEYARD.



DOING IT AFTER DARK WILL DODGE A LOT OF TROUBLE... BY DAYLIGHT SOMEBODY MIGHT GET WORD TO THE ROULETTES. QUICK

ALL THE SAME, GENTS, THINGS COULD HAPPEN



HERE IT COMES... EASY, NOW /

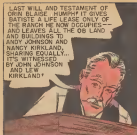


HOLD IT / DON'T ANY OF YOU MOVE TILL WE GET YOUR HARDWARE /







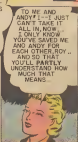








AS HIS FEET HIT THE FLOOR, ROY'S BODY UNDOILS IN A LIGHTNING-FAST PUNCH.



# GREAT LAW MEN OF THE OLD WEST

COMILLATED BY DEAN LUND

## *The Martyr of Abilene*

Their cook was in the jug, and the camp was wild. With their mouths full of dust and cussing, the cowboys of the trail herd snatched their ropes. On the run-over heels of their buckaroo boots they bow-legged to the rope corral and dabbed their strings on trail-weary cayuses. They were mad. No flea-bitten Kansas town marshal was going to jail THEIR cook and keep their camp hungry. Not on your tintype!

Down Texas Street they swept like a living tornado. Yell after yell, shot after shot, ripped upwards into the dusty air. At the log-and-sod jail they skidded to a halt. Cutting a horse or two loose from the nearest hitch-rail, they picked up lag, posts and all. With the rail as a battering ram, they drove in the jail door.

In two minutes they were out again—with their colored cook and the town marshal who had jailed him. They were in good humor now. The rights of

the case meant nothing. They had their dinky—and the marshal could go jump in the watering trough!

Whooping their triumph, they galloped out of town, guns whanging. This time their targets were some posters—warning that the carrying of firearms within town limits was forbidden!

In the office of Mayor Henry stood a black-haired, blue-eyed young man with strong, likeable features and an Irish smile. His voice was low, clear, and courteous.

"I understand you may be needing a town marshal, Mayor," he said. "I'd like to apply. I'm Tom Smith, marshal of Kit Carson, Colorado."

Mayor Henry returned Smith's clear, friendly look, frowning. He thought he knew men. And Smith didn't appear to be the type of man who could control the human chaos that was Abilene. Tom Smith might get along all right as marshal of the Colorado town, but Abilene was a volcano of vice, murder, and general lawlessness. For marshal it needed a famous killer to terranize the bad men—not a quiet-spoken, friendly fellow like Smith.

"I'll think it over, Smith," said the mayor.

Tom went back to his job in Colorado. And Abilene went from bad to worse. A marshal, however grim his record, lasted in that town less than a week. A pair of them with excellent reputations for bravery, came to look Abilene over—and left on the next train!

Mayor Henry was stumped. In desperation he sent a message to Smith. He had a feeling that Smith didn't





realize how poor an insurance risk a marshal of Abilene would be. So he warned the youth from Colorado to look things over well before deciding.

Smith came, and looked thoroughly. There was no exaggerating the badness of Abilene. It was the wickedest of all the wild frontier towns. Satisfied that he knew the worst, Smith found the mayor and renewed his application.

The first move to make, he suggested, would be to take away everybody's firearms. He believed he could take them away one at a time, without any help.

Mayor Henry stared in disbelief, but finally he swore Thomas J. Smith in as town marshal. So certain was he that Smith would be murdered—one peace officer against a thousand lawless men!—that his conscience bothered him considerably.

Somehow the fact that Smith was the new marshal had spread already. A notorious bully called Big Hank bore down on him. The conversation between them ran something like this:

"You're the gent who thinks he's running this town now, huh?"

"Why, yes, in a way. I've been appointed marshal—Here's my badge . . . By the way, you know the town ordinance against carrying arms, don't you? I'll have to ask you, sir, to give me your pistol."

While talking, Smith had kept his steady, blue-eyed gaze on Big Hank's face. And he had moved in so close that Hank couldn't draw his gun.

Smith's outstretched hand would have gripped the weapon, with a turn of his wrist.

The bully blustered and swore. He jumped back. But Tom Smith's fist struck even quicker, with all his weight behind it. Big Hank went to sleep. He woke up, disarmed and on his way out of Abilene. He didn't return.

Big Hank's successor was a bad man named Wyoming Frank. Well liquored and armed with two guns, he went hunting for the new marshal. He found Smith walking down the street, quite unarmed. In a gunfighter's crouch, he faced the marshal and defied him to take his weapons. He swore he'd kill any man who tried to.

Marshal Smith said that would be very foolish—because everybody had to obey the law. Again, empty-handed, he pressed close to the would-be killer. Without taking his gaze from the desperado's eyes, he backed the man into a saloon and knocked him out. Twenty men watched the bad man fall.

There was a moment of awed silence. Then a man pushed forward toward the peace officer, gun in hand. He was the barkeeper, and he held his gun butt to the front, by the barrel.

"As long as you are marshal of Abilene," he said, "I won't be needing this."

Every man in the saloon followed the barkeep's lead. From that day on, every store and saloon and public place provided racks for checking their customers' weapons. And in Abilene town men went unarmed. Good men and bad paid tribute to the unselfish, unflinching courage of their fellow citizen, Marshal Tom Smith.

Six months later this much loved and admired young officer met a tragic end, in the line of duty. While helping a friend arrest a murderer, Tom Smith was brutally killed.

But today a monument stands in Abilene, Kansas, to his memory, stating that he "Died a martyr to duty, Nov. 2, 1870—A Fearless Hero of Frontier Days, Who in Cowboy Chaos, Established the Supremacy of law."

# CHUCK- WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

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LOOK, PET! CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY  
HAS PICKED THE COOLEST PLACE  
IN FIFTY MILES, I BET—

TO TAKE  
A NAP!

LET'S MAKE FIRE, PETE—AND GET  
DOWN TO TELL US A STORY.

OKAY—ABOUT RED  
FLAME, THE WILD  
HORSE KING!

HEH? YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU MORE  
ABOUT RED FLAME? A STORY—AFTER YOU  
DONE SPOILED MY NAP? OH, WELL—



WHEN THOSE WILD COWBOYS BUSTED ED SANKO'S  
BIG CORRAL, THEY BUSTED ED'S SPIRIT TOO!

I REMIND I BEEN DOPPED, AND IT WASN'T A  
BIT OF USE TO STRUGGLE! LEAVING REG—  
I TOLD YOU HOW RED FLAME BROKE DOWN  
THE WILD HORSE CORRAL AND LET THOSE  
MURDERED PULL-TAILS TO FREEDOM!



HE SANKO  
WAS DOPPED  
WITH HORSE  
HUNTING, FOR GOOD  
AND ALL—TOMORROW  
HE'LL BE DEAD  
LIKE THAT WAS GOOD  
BOWS.



WORKING AROUND THE RANCH THAT WINTER, JIMMY LEFT THINKING OF RED FLAME — STILL FREE AND WILD AS THE WIND —



WHEN THE HIGH PRairie WINDS SWOOL THE RANCH HOUSE AT NIGHT JIMMIE WOULD WAKE UP — AND HEAR AGAIN THE THUNDER OF RED FLAME'S HOOF —



THAT WINTER WAS A HARD ONE FOR THE RANGE CATTLE — MANY DIED, AND MORE WERE TOO WEAK TO WAIT FOR SPRING —



WHEN THE SNOW HAD MELTED ENOUGH TO MAKE TRAVELING EASY, JIMMIE AND OTHER 'BANDS' BEGAN NIGHT HUNTING FOR STRAYS AND WHEELINGS THAT COULD BE SAVED —



AFTER THEY'D BRUGHT IN ALL THEY COULD FIND —



JIMMIE MADE LONG TRIPS ALONE INTO THE WILD HORSE COUNTRY —



HE HOPED FOR ANOTHER BOUNT OF RED FLAME, THE HORSE NO MAN HAD EVER RODE —



A LOVE LIKE JIMMIE'S FOR RED FLAME HAS A STRANGE POWER, SOMETIMES — A POWER TO MAKE THINGS HAPPEN! IT WORKED THAT WAY WITH JIM! ONE DAY —



- THE KID HAD FLOWN INTO ONE OF THOSE WATERHOLES THAT THE WILD COWBOYS USE - AND LYING THERE IT -



- THIS A BIG, STAGGERED-LOOKING HORSE WITH A BUSH-RED HIDE AND A WHITE MANE AND TAIL -



THE POOR CATTLE WAS HALF DEAD, BUT HE TRIED TO GET HIS LEGS UNDER HIM -



THEN HIS STRENGTH GAVE OUT - HE ROLLED OVER WITH A GEDAW LIKE A MAN IN PAIN WOULD -



SOMEHOW, JIMMIE RANNEY KNEW THAT THIS POOR, WICK WRECK OF A HORSE WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE GREAT STALLION, RED FLAME -



TEARS ROLLED DOWN JIMMIE'S CHEEKS - THERE WAS ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED THAT HE MIGHT SAVE RED FLAME'S LIFE IF HE OPERATED ON THAT BIG SWOLLEN TONGUE -



A CACTUS THORN HAD BECOME IMBEDDED IN THE HORSE'S TONGUE, WHICH HAD SWOLLEN UNTIL BIG RED COULDN'T EAT OR DRINK - HE'D BEEN THAT WAY FOR MAYBE TWO WEEKS -



AT LAST THE OPERATION WAS OVER - JIMMIE RANNEY THE ROUNDER WITH WATER -



ALL NIGHT LONG THE KID CARRIED COLD WATER IN HIS HAT - TO KEEP THE BLOOD POISON IN THAT SORE FROM SWELLING -



HE DRANK THE WELING AND OWN SWALLOW FOR RED FLAME TO SWALLOW SOME -



JIMMIE HAD A COUPLE OF CANS OF CONDENSED MILK IN HIS BLANKET ROLL - HE MIXED IT INTO RED FLAME'S DRINKING WATER -



BY THE END OF THAT DAY, THE MILK AND WATER HAD GIVEN THE HORSE ENOUGH STRENGTH TO LIFT HIS OWN HEAD -



THAT NIGHT IT TURNED COLD - JIMMIE SPREAD HIS SHODDER BLANKET AND HIS OWN BLANKET OVER RED FLAME'S BACK -



- WHO LAY CLOSE TO RED'S FLANK SO THEY COULD HELP KEEP EACH OTHER WARM - OTHER- WISE BOTH BOY AND HORSE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE DIED FROM FROST -



IN THE MORNING EVERYTHING WAS COVERED WITH SNOW - UP TILL NOW JIMMIE HAD BEEN TOO BUSY TO FEEL COLD OR HUNGRY -







THERE WAS NOTHING THAT COULD DARE ED BANGS, THOUGH - WHEN HIS KIDDER TOLD HIM IT WAS NO USE HUNTING FOR JIMMIE OR HIS CORPSE ANY LONGER, ED GIVED AT THEM?



ED WOULDN'T GIVE UP HOPE OF JIMMIE BEING STILL ALIVE - BUT HE HAD TO GET SOME REST-



THAT EVENING OUT OF THE SUNSET, CAME RIDING A BOY ON A FLAME RED HORSE WITH WHITE MANE AND TAIL! JIMMIE - ON RED FLAME -



WHEN THE BOY PUT OFF, HIS DAD NEARLY HURGED THE LIFE OUT OF HIM -



JIMMIE WARNED ED NOT TO COME NEAR BIG RED - THE KING OF THE WILD HORSES WAS STILL AN ENEMY OF EVERY HUMAN, YET ONE -



TO PROTECT WITNESS, ED BUNT A SPECIAL CORRAL FOR RED FLAME - AS LONG AS ED LIVED ON THE RANCH, ONLY JIMMIE WAS ALLOWED NEAR HIM!



BUT - CHARLEY! HOW LONG DID RED FLAME LIVE ON THE BANGS RANCH? HOW LONG? - WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER STORY! PETER! I GOTTA GET SUPPER STARTED!



